

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

A square consists of space equivalent to ten lines this size (Brevier) type:

	1 column	2 columns	3 columns	4 columns	5 columns	6 columns	7 columns	8 columns	9 columns	10 columns
One insertion	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$6.00	\$7.00	\$8.00	\$9.00	\$10.00
One month	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	50.00	60.00	70.00	80.00	90.00	100.00
Three months	25.00	50.00	75.00	100.00	125.00	150.00	175.00	200.00	225.00	250.00
Six months	40.00	80.00	120.00	160.00	200.00	240.00	280.00	320.00	360.00	400.00
One year	70.00	140.00	210.00	280.00	350.00	420.00	490.00	560.00	630.00	700.00

COUNTY DIRECTORY.
Circuit Court.—Hon. R. P. Pipperson, Jr., Judge.
V. B. Young, Com. Clk.
J. M. Crawford, Clerk.
County Court.—Hon. M. M. Cassidy, Judge.
J. D. Reid, County Attorney.
J. R. Garrett, Clerk.
Quorum.—Hon. W. B. Tipton, Sheriff.
C. G. Kington, Deputy.
T. H. Probert, Jailor.
OLICE COURT.—E. E. Garrett, Judge.
J. W. Barrechs, Marshal.
Thos. Metcalfe, Pros. Atty.

BUSINESS CARDS.

RICHARD APPERSON, JR.
THOS. METCALFE.
APPERSON & METCALFE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Will practice in Montgomery and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals.
Quorum—on Public Square, opposite Court House yard. (Sept.)

BAKER & BROWN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office on Main Street, Mount Sterling, Ky.
Jan. 8-17

B. A. SHAWVER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Will attend promptly to all business confided to his care.
Office North side Public Square.
Jan. 9-17

RICHARD REID, J. DAVIS REID,
REID & REID,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Will attend promptly to all business confided to their care. Special attention will be given to the collection of all claims against the United States Government.
Jan. 9-17

W. H. HOLT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Will practice in Montgomery, Bath, Powell, Wolfe, Morgan, Magoffin counties, and in the Court of Appeals.
Jan. 9-17.

T. TURNER,
TURNER & CONNELLEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Will practice in Montgomery, Bath, Powell, and Clarke counties, and in the Court of Appeals.
Jan. 8-17.

F. P. DRAKE, W. D. D. Q. DRAKE, W. D.
DRAKE,
Office and rooms over Wynn's Grocery, where they may always be found when absent on professional business.
Special attention given to chronic sickness.
(Jan. 30-31)

G. M. McMAHAN,
Dental Surgeon,
MOUNT STERLING, KY.
Office one door below Reese's Jewelers Store, up stairs.
Jan. 11-17.

T. H. RIGGON,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
MT. STERLING, KY.
Office over Maupin's Shoe Store, Main Street.
March 6.

DR. JAMES THORNTON,
Practicing Physician,
MT. STERLING, KY.
TENDERS his professional services to the people of Mt. Sterling and vicinity.
Office and Residence on Main Street opposite the Presbyterian Church.
Apr. 9-40m.

DR. BENJAMIN GUERIN,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office opposite National Hotel, Mt. Sterling.
Where one of them may always be found, day and night unless professionally absent.
Jan. 9-40m.

ROBERT MOORE,
Portrait, Animal and Landscape Painter.
Portraits of fine stock, and horses, painted on reasonable terms. Photographic portraits enlarged to any size up to life, on paper or canvass painted in oil colors.
STUDIO—Over Tallaferro & Co's store, Winchester, Ky.
mar. 24-3m

JNO. STUART, BEN. TAYLOR, JAS. STUART,
STUART, TAYLOR & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
Grain and Country Produce Generally,
COAL, SALT, LUMBER, ETC.
Yard and Warehouse, near Freight Depot.
Jan. 23-17.

G. O. KNIFFIN,
—DEALER IN—
Cooking Ranges, Stoves, Grates,
Iron and Marble Mantles,
Tin-Ware, Pumps, Wooden-Ware,
AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, &C.,
MAIN STREET, (Hinton's Block), PARIS, KY.
Jan. 23-47

HOUSE, SIGN,
AND
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.
M. J. Power

IS now prepared to execute anything in his line in the most tasteful and workmanlike manner. His facilities are ample for executing all kinds of
Painting, Graining,
AND PAPER HANGING.

Imitation of WOOD and MARBLE done in the highest style of the art. Being a practical workman, and one of large experience in some of the principal cities, he is fully prepared to do anything in his line in the LATEST STYLE.
Call and examine specimens at my shop on Main Street, next door to Lindsay & Stevens Cabinet Shop (up stairs).
Respectfully,
April 30-6m. M. J. POWER.

Pure Apple Vinegar,
WARRANTED.
[m21.] A. VOUSIS.

THE KENTUCKY SENTINEL.

VOLUME I.

MOUNT STERLING, KY., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1868.

NUMBER 38.

Political.

The Conditions of Peace.

The Evansville Courier says: The resolutions of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention at New York, the individual expressions of opinion from distinguished Federal soldiers in every quarter of the Republic, and the general manifestations of sentiment from the great body of soldiers throughout the country, leave no doubt that the real fighting element of the country is opposed to the revolutionary designs of Radicalism, and will cast its influence during the present canvass, in favor of Conservatism and Peace. The explanation of this—if any explanation be needed—is simple: The soldiers of the country are oppressed with no timid apprehensions of what is termed a "rebel" triumph. Having satisfactorily tested their powers in the field they are not to be dismayed by suggestions of ruinous possibilities at the polls. Having received the pledge of the Southern soldier that he regards the result of the bloody arbitrament as decisive, and believing it is not within the power of man to breathe life and strength into a cause which from an original lack of resources was inherently weak, he asks no guarantee but that which he finds in the conditions the war has wrought. Gen. Rosecrans, therefore, speaking for "the officers and soldiers who fought for the Union," says that "if the people of the South could be at peace, and their energy and good-will heartily applied to repair the waste of war, the world establish public confidence in our political stability; they would soon bring our currency to a gold standard, and our government bonds to a premium." But why cannot the people of the South be at peace? For two reasons: (1) because of the necessities of the desperate war, and (2) because of the apprehensions of the timid many.

It is well known that the late war gave birth to certain politico-military monsters of the Butler species, together with certain demagogical nondescripts of the Oglesby type. These men have achieved a reputation, during the last eight or ten years of revolution and war, which makes all the villainy of the past respectable. Despised and execrated by all decent men, they have led to Radicalism as a last resource, and Radicalism made desperate and shameless by the critical situation of its affairs, receives the abandoned wretches with "open arms." These are the instruments which the Radical party is now using to perpetuate its hold on power. They have been chosen for the work because their personal exigencies give assurance of unwavering fidelity to a revolutionary cause. The triumph of conservatism, the re-establishment of law, the restoration of peace would exclude them forever from places of power, consideration and trust. Retributive justice would hand them to the obscurity from which they originally emerged, and leave nothing but the record of their misdeeds to fix their names in the memory of men. Is it strange that these political desperadoes should cry aloud and spout not? Is it strange that their lips should speak lies when their hands are defiled with blood and their fingers with iniquity?

But there are many good citizens who, while they are solicitous to restore the government to the peaceful functions of the past, are profoundly alarmed by the persistent misrepresentations of the Radical speakers and press. "It is dreadful!" "It is dreadful to think of restoring red-handed rebels to power." They forget, however, that this is precisely what the Radical party has already done; they forget that this is what the Radicals are still further pledged to do. They forget that repentant "rebels" have already been received with "open arms," and rewarded with lavish hands. They forget that Wickham, Longstreet, Brown, and others have yielded to the pressure of personal considerations and thrown themselves into the arms of men who daily insult and oppress their own people. And nothing is more certain than that these men will turn upon the Radical party the very moment the situation affords an opportunity for a profitable change of position, and that consequently, it is putting its trust in men who are proved to be utterly faithless and corrupt. Is a pledge from Joe Brown worth more than a pledge from Robert E. Lee?

But why should not the "red-handed rebels" be restored to power? My conclusion lead me"—said General Grant in 1865—"to the conclusion that the citizens of the Southern States are anxious to return to self-government, within the Union, as soon as possible." "Establish this right of self-government on a firm basis," says General Lee, "and the Southern people will faithfully obey the Constitution and the Laws, and fulfill every duty in common with peaceful citizens, loyal to the Constitution of their country." To guarantee the exercise of this right was the purpose of Gen. Sherman's convention three years ago. The conditions which he offered were in entire consonance with the views of every Republican statesman who fairly comprehended their scope and intent. Suppose this convention had proved acceptable to the Federal Government, what would have been the result? An immediate renewal of the war? Every intelligent man knows that it would not! Would the South to-day be arrayed against Congress almost as a unit—anxious, discontented, restless,—the helpless prey of political adventurers, borne down by evils which Radical legislation has fixed upon her, a burden to herself, a burden to the government under which she exists? It is impossible to believe it. On the contrary, instead of a small knot of white Radicals—men of no character or repute—controlling the governments of the Southern States, and alienating even the negroes whom they professed to befriend, we should find in the Southern States two powerful parties—each seeking allies in the Northern States, each battling upon principles which would appeal to the support of all sections, each seeking to vindicate the honor of the South by a scrupulous observance of its pledged faith, and by a cordial, consistent and steadfast devotion to the common weal.

A Gem.

Rarely do we meet with more eloquent language than is contained in the following extract from a speech of Hon. George H. Pendleton, delivered at Hartford, Conn., during his late Eastern tour. We give it to our readers and commend the earnest and eloquent truths contained therein as worthy of preservation. Teach them to your children, and have them repeated at your fireside and in the schoolroom.

* * * * *

But gentlemen, passing away from this subject of the material interests of the country, on which I have dwelt longer than I intended, let me again call your attention to this fact—that the great pole-star of the Democratic party is the Constitution of the United States. Do not, my fellow-citizens, in the heat of this arduous contest, do not forget that great lesson. The Republican party believe they can amend it; that they can change it and make it a better constitution than our fathers made it in the days of old. I change it upon you, Democrats who are here to-night, never to consent either to its abandonment or its degradation. Do not seek to amend it; do not seek to evade it. Obley it. It was good enough for your fathers. It is good enough for you. If you obey it, it will be good enough for your children for a hundred years to come. Study it, understand it. Carry it about with you, as a living presence in all the walks of your daily life.—Take it to your home; read it to your wife, teach it to your children; put it upon your family altar, that when you bow your head in supplicating prayer it may be there next to the image of God himself. Do this, and then in His own good time you will be able to raise it up to that place and power to which the brazen serpent in the wilderness was raised in order that the plague might be stayed. Do this, and you will be able to rear it up to that high place of honor to which the Ark of the Covenant was reared, round which the unseen legions of the Almighty kept ward and guard, that he who touched it with his impious hand should die. Remember, fellow-citizens, that the Constitution contains within itself all that is good in the experiences of the past, and all that is hopeful in the prospects of the future. It is the ark of safety in the midst of the flood which is upon us. It may be tossed in the blackness of darkness upon the weary waters for many days, but it will rest upon the mountain top at last; the sun will shine; the dove will leave it never to return, and now as then, emblems of purity and liberty and peace, she will seek to rebuild her habitations amid the scenes of her former life. I do not despair. I have hope in the aspirations of men. I have faith in the providences of God. I know that the pathway of history is strewn with the wrecks of empire and people and constitutions and liberty; and it may be in the providence of God that this country of ours will follow in the wake of all the nations that have gone before. If it shall be so, let it not be owing to the faults or misfortunes of the Democratic party. If it must be so let it be known that it was the party of our love that stood to the last, with her heroic virtue to the principles of civil liberty. If it must be so let us, my fellow-citizens, take consolation in the thought that in the eternal circles of God death is but the precursor of resurrection; and that the same principles which hasten nations to decay contain within themselves the spark of living fire which secure undying youth to our immortal race.

"Time writes no wrinkles on its fair young brow,"
Such as creation's dawn beheld, it sees thee now!"

Amidst the weeks of time its progress is still onward and upward, higher, and still higher,
"And from the sky serene and far,
A voice falls like a falling star,
Excelsior!"

Higher; as the eagle when he takes his flight in the face of the sun. Higher; as the stars, when in their eternal courses they encircle the footstool of the immortal throne! Higher; as the soul of man when it puts aside this tenement of clay, and seeks throughout all the ages the home of its father and its God.

General Blair.

Mr. David G. Croly, the author of "Campaign Lives of Seymour and Blair," in drawing to a conclusion his rapid sketch of the life of Major-General Frank P. Blair, presents the following summary of his traits as revealed in his public and private life:

Since the war, besides exerting himself professionally, Gen. Blair has labored with fine effect as a speaker for the conservative cause. His efforts have extended through several States, especially in Connecticut, where first set in the reaction which is now sweeping over the country.

Having always had a clear purpose in his fighting, he maintained it in its unity to the end, and in the prosecution of the plans of peace. The object was the suppression of the rebellion, simply and solely. The extinguishment of States, the degradation of the white below the black race, the supremacy of military over civil power, have received no countenance from him. Resuming with ripened and expanded convictions his position as a statesman, and adding to it the record, second to none, of eminent military qualities, he has labored with voice and pen as strenuously as he did with the sword to realize in peace the benefits he felt forced to seek by war. So orderly has been his mind that he has always known where to stop. Believing in the negro's right to be free, he helped to give him his freedom. Nothing less would suffice; nothing more was required. Devoted to the Union, zeal and intolerance never tilted him over into disunion in the name of Union. He has never prostituted the name of liberty into tyranny, the white race, the name of anti-slavery into the enmities of negro supremacy. The issues of the war he never forgot. The issues of the peace he never forgot. The issues of the future he never forgot.

To speak of his magnanimity, bravery, and popularity would only repeat the record of his soldierly career. Sherman kept him closer to him than his own shadow during all the war, and always had him for his second in command. His officers loved him; his men worshipped him. He was never defeated. Successive promotions in rank and power flowed in on him. He gave to each advanced responsibility a more brilliant discharge than the preceding one. No fraud taints his hands. No tyranny stamps his record.

In war he was a relentless, sleepless, always victorious enemy; in peace he has proved a thorough, all-forgetting, wholly-trusting, magnanimous friend. His record is as consistent as it is patriotic.—Those whom he regards as Northern rebels now, he opposes with as much fire and force as he did Southern rebels in the past.

His address is singularly popular and blest, and serene among the highest. His personal power almost amounts to magnetism. He can mold men to the purpose he wishes. Not reticent, he is yet prudent. Emphatically, he possesses that equilibrium of all the faculties known as common sense.

His life has been almost a romance.—Converting a State to freedom, and then saving it to the Union; the hero of two wars, and deservedly eminent in both; a business man of the highest integrity of mind and temperance of habit; an orator of great ability; a statesman of rare faculty and foresight; a man of indomitable will; his traits are all positive to the highest degree. In greatness, in clearness, in purity, in combativeness, in statesmanship, he is a veritable Andrew Jackson. We have given his record. Further to reason from it would be supererogation. The country knows him, above all, his comrades in arms revere and love him.

A Few HARD THINGS.—Experience and observation have taught men that it is
Hard to pay your debts.
Hard to resist temptation.
Hard to love your enemies.
Hard to quit chewing tobacco.
Hard to keep from eating too much.
Hard to drink liquor and not be intoxicated.
Hard to believe a man you know to be a liar.
Hard to turn the other cheek when we are struck.
Hard to get to Heaven without paying the printer.

"Live-forever" Jones is dead.

Wado Hampton and the Confederate Flag.

At the close of the proceedings in the South Carolina Convention on the 9th ult., Wade Hampton referred to his recently reported utterances respecting the Confederate flag, as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT—I come with my friend from Marion and think that great good can be accomplished by the expression of the opinion that we intend only to act by peaceful means, and with that view I have prepared some resolutions, which when the proper time comes, I will offer as a substitute for the resolution under discussion. Allow me, however, Mr. President, to say now that I am glad of the opportunity which has been afforded me by the allusions of my friend from Marion to defend myself from the false accusations of my enemies. If only myself were injured by these perversions and studious misrepresentations I would endeavor to bear them with patience, and treat them with the contempt which I feel for them. But when I am told that they are injuring the Democratic party, that party on which our only hope of salvation depends, I am glad to have the opportunity to denounce them as false. Why, Mr. President, I said more to the people of New York when I was there than I ever said since anywhere at the South. I told them that I believed that in the late war we were right as they believed that they were right. I told them that I did not speak to them with a double tongue; I told them that I was honest and sincere, and that I believed that the Southern people were honest and sincere when they said they were anxious for peace. I told them that all we wanted was the government of the Constitution restored, and I did not believe there was any other remedy for the direful ills under which not only the South but the whole country was suffering. The Radicals charge me with being a revolutionist. Now, when I was in New York I offered a resolution in the Convention, looking to a decision of the Supreme Court, and expressing our willingness to abide by that decision. Does that look like revolution? I have seen copied in the Northern papers, and strongly condemned, what purports to be a quotation from a speech which I made in Charleston, not to any public assembly, but on the occasion of a serenade given to me by some of my old friends and fellow soldiers. They say that I declared that I had preserved the flag of the Confederacy, and that I would soon call my followers to rally around it again. There is not one word of truth in it. When I did speak of the Confederate flag, I said that the cause which it represented was lost, and that it would be folded away among the sacred relics of the past, never to be again unfolded. But, Mr. President, I spoke on the occasion of another flag—of a flag which had been presented to my regiment by the fair women of South Carolina, a flag around which the most hallowed recollections were entwined. Many of those around me had followed that flag on every battle-field of the war, and in the deadly battle of all that flag was borne by my own hero son, and when he fell, that flag covered his remains. I said that flag rested here with me now. But because I mentioned that flag on account of the personalities connected with it, on account of the associations which it called up to those who had followed it—that flag, the flag of a single regiment—am I, therefore, to be denounced as a traitor and revolutionist, exciting my country to civil war and insurrection? Mr. President, I repeat that I should not have denounced these falsehoods if it had not been asserted that they were injuring the great party of peace and order on whose success the only hope of the restoration of constitutional government in this country depends. But, sir, I am glad of the opportunity of reiterating here what I said in New York, and what I have said everywhere in the South where I have spoken, that I am fighting as earnestly now in the interests of peace as I ever fought in war."

It is hardly worth while to waste ink and paper in exposing the absurd falsehoods uttered by the insane and paralytic old rascal who disgraces the gubernatorial chair of this miserable and misgoverned State. There is not a man in Tennessee, with sense enough to drive a goose to water, who does not know that Brownlow is utterly incapable of uttering a truth for the truth's sake. As for magnanimity, he and his party are as destitute as a hog is of a soul.—West Tennessee Whig.

The Editor—A Schoolboy's Composition.

A schoolboy's composition on "The Editor" ran as follows, in a school not far from Cincinnati:

"The Editor—The editor is one of the happiest animals in the known world. He can go to the circus, afternoon and evening, without paying a cent; also to inaugurations and hangings. He has free tickets to picnics and strawberry festivals, gets wedding cake sent him, and sometimes gets a licking, but not often, for he can take things back the next issue, the which he generally does. I never knew only one editor to get licked. His paper lasted that day, and he couldn't take nothing back.

"While other folks have to go to bed early, the editor can sit up late every night, and see all that's going on. The boys think it's a big thing to hang out till 10 o'clock. When I am a man I mean to be an editor, so I can stay out nights. Then that will be bully. The editor don't have to saw wood or do any chopping, except with his scissors. Railroads get up excursions for him, knowing if they didn't he'd make 'em git up and git. In politics he don't care much who he goes for if they are on his side. If they ain't he goes for 'em anyway, so it amounts to nearly the same thing. There is a great many people trying to be editors who can't and some of them have been in the profession for years. They can't see it, though. If I was asked if I had rather have an education or be a circus rider, I would say, let me go and be editor.

"There are women who cannot grow old—women who, without any special effort, remain always young, and always attractive. The number is smaller than it should be, but there is still a sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The secret of this perpetual youth lies not in beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome, nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as the mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned; nor in having nothing to do, for these very young women are always busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age, and age faster than overwork. The charm, we imagine lies in a sunny temper—neither more nor less—the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and of stretching the mantle of charity over every body's faults and failings.

When the good man dies the tears he in life prevented from flowing, are shed.

Love, the toothache, smoke, a couch and tight boots are things which cannot possibly be kept secret very long.

Brains and Buttons.—The Cincinnati Enquirer says the contest this fall between Horatio Seymour and Hiram S. Grant is simply one between brains and buttons.—Grant has no qualification for the office except his military tinsel. Brains will win. They will beat buttons.

Loafers.—The loafer is found everywhere, at the street corners, the hotels, the depots, in men's stores, offices, and shops, but the great rendezvous of the chronic loafer is the larger beer saloon, an institution which seems expressly designed to meet his wants. The professional loafer don't want much—a poor fellow—he only wants a place to stay, but he "wants that little long"—all day, all the week, all the season. Give him only a place to set, or even to stand, with the benefit of a free lunch once in a while, and he can sponge himself along pretty well, and enjoy life like a top. The loafer seems to have no anxieties, no cares, no responsibilities. Loafers may be divided into two general classes, permanent and occasional. The former are the professionals, the latter the amateurs. Permanent loafers are but one remove from vagrants; in fact the dividing line is so indistinctly drawn, that the unsuspecting professional loafer occasionally tumbles over it and brings up in the work-house. The occasional or amateur loafer has generally an occupation, which he follows incidentally, without, however, allowing it to interfere too much with his loafing propensities. All public places, like reading-rooms, waiting-rooms in depots, etc., are so many haunts of refuge to loafers. The fraternity show a partiality for large crowds—perhaps from love of excitement, or hope of adventure, or blunder.

How does a confirmed loafer live? In various ways. A man is not a chronic loafer many weeks before he begins to prey upon society in some way. Starvation, evil associates, vicious inclination, all contribute to draw the loafer on to infamy. When everybody else refuses him employment the devil is most willing to find him a job, and he is most willing to accept it. He may become a "proper-it" to gambling dens, or a stool-pigeon for some sort of confidence games; or a "shover" for counterfeits. When he is smart enough he develops into a burglar or pickpocket. Sometimes he is too much of a loafer to accept of a regular situation, even from the devil, and in that case he coquets with his satanic majesty and becomes a Ward politician, sits on juries, attends free lunches, openings, political gatherings, street preaching, fires, and works out his destiny in a harmless kind of way—like the flies. Probably the world would not be quite complete without all the different species of the loafer. They fill a place in society corresponding to that occupied by the weeds in the vegetable line.

Don't be a loafer—not even for one day. If you are waiting for work or have leisure from any cause, study some useful thing to fill up the time—read some new book—investigate some subject—visit public institutions—cultivate a good acquaintance—straighten up your accounts—write some letters—pack your trunk—invest something—scent out a trade, but don't loaf—don't hang round men's places, idle yourself and the cause of idleness in others.—Sunday Globe.

Stipulations with Advertisers.

Advertisements ordered for less than one month will be charged fifty cents per line for each insertion after the first. Special notices 15 cents a line for the first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. Marriages and deaths inserted gratuitously. Ordinary notices ten cents per line. The privileges extended to annual advertisers will be strictly confined to their own business, and advertisements occupying more space than contracted for, or advertisements foreign to the legitimate business of the contracting parties, will be charged for extra, at our published rates.

[From the National Intelligencer.]
The Poor Man and the Tax-Gatherer.
The Albany Evening Journal, one of the leading Republican journals in the State of New York, second perhaps in influence only to the Tribune, declares that the poor man never sees the tax-gatherer. This is an insult to the intelligence of the workmen, while it shows a callous indifference to the burden under which they labor. The poor man may not be visited by the tax-gatherer, and is personally exempt from his direct inquisition. But it is on the shoulders of labor that the public burdens ultimately rest. The landlord shifts his tax upon his tenant. The manufacturer adds his to the cost of his product—leaves it into his cloth and hammers it into his iron. The farmer grinds it into his flour and churns it into butter, so that, look at it as you will, the tax, which is nothing more than a charge upon the productive industry of the country, comes at last out of the sinews of labor and the skill of inventive toil. The workingman may not see the tax-gatherer, but he feels his exhausting hand in every garment that he wears and every morsel that he eats; in the implements with which he earns his bread and the utensils with which he cooks; in the furniture which serves his daily uses, and the amusements which serve as an alleviation of his toil.

Nor will the workingman fail to remember this fall to whom they are indebted for this terrible and unnecessary pressure on the productive energies of the country.—Ninety millions added to the one hundred and fifty necessary to meet the interest on the public debt ought to have been abundantly sufficient to meet the public expenses each year for the last three years. But instead of that, an average of over five hundred millions a year have been drawn from the hard earnings of the people, and have the authority of Commissioner Wells for asserting that but half of the internal tax really levied found its way into the Treasury, the rest being absorbed by the plunderers who, robbing the country by exorbitant contracts during the war, have not ceased to rob it in the innumerable fat offices in which they have ensconced themselves since the war was over.

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"The Editor—The editor is one of the happiest animals in the known world. He can go to the circus, afternoon and evening, without paying a cent; also to inaugurations and hangings. He has free tickets to picnics and strawberry festivals, gets wedding cake sent him, and sometimes gets a licking, but not often, for he can take things back the next issue, the which he generally does. I never knew only one editor to get licked. His paper lasted that day, and he couldn't take nothing back.

"While other folks have to go to bed early, the editor can sit up late every night, and see all that's going on. The boys think it's a big thing to hang out till 10 o'clock. When I am a man I mean to be an editor, so I can stay out nights. Then that will be bully. The editor don't have to saw wood or do any chopping, except with his scissors. Railroads get up excursions for him, knowing if they didn't he'd make 'em git up and git. In politics he don't care much who he goes for if they are on his side. If they ain't he goes for 'em anyway, so it amounts to nearly the same thing. There is a great many people trying to be editors who can't and some of them have been in the profession for years. They can't see it, though. If I was asked if I had rather have an education or be a circus rider, I would say, let me go and be editor.

"There are women who cannot grow old—women who, without any special effort, remain always young, and always attractive. The number is smaller than it should be, but there is still a sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The secret of this perpetual youth lies not in beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome, nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as the mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned; nor in having nothing to do, for these very young women are always busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age, and age faster than overwork. The charm, we imagine lies in a sunny temper—neither more nor less—the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and of stretching the mantle of charity over every body's faults and failings.

When the good man dies the tears he in life prevented from flowing, are shed.

Love, the toothache, smoke, a couch and tight boots are things which cannot possibly be kept secret very long.

Brains and Buttons.—The Cincinnati Enquirer says the contest this fall between Horatio Seymour and Hiram S. Grant is simply one between brains and buttons.—Grant has no qualification for the office except his military tinsel. Brains will win. They will beat buttons.

Loafers.—The loafer is found everywhere, at the street corners, the hotels, the depots, in men's stores, offices, and shops, but the great rendezvous of the chronic loafer is the larger beer saloon, an institution which seems expressly designed to meet his wants. The professional loafer don't want much—a poor fellow—he only wants a place to stay, but he "wants that little long"—all day, all the week, all the season. Give him only a place to set, or even to stand, with the benefit of a free lunch once in a while, and he can sponge himself along pretty well, and enjoy life like a top. The loafer seems to have no anxieties, no cares, no responsibilities. Loafers may be divided into two general classes, permanent and occasional. The former are the professionals, the latter the amateurs. Permanent loafers are but one remove from vagrants; in fact the dividing line is so indistinctly drawn, that the unsuspecting professional loafer occasionally tumbles over it and brings up in the work-house. The occasional or amateur loafer has generally an occupation, which he follows incidentally, without, however, allowing it to interfere too much with his loafing propensities. All public places, like reading-rooms, waiting-rooms in depots, etc., are so many haunts of refuge to loafers. The fraternity show a partiality for large crowds—perhaps from love of excitement, or hope of adventure, or blunder.

How does a confirmed loafer live? In various ways. A man is not a chronic loafer many weeks before he begins to prey upon society in some way. Starvation, evil associates, vicious inclination, all contribute to draw the loafer on to infamy. When everybody else refuses him employment the devil is most willing to find him a job, and he is most willing to accept it. He may become a "proper-it" to gambling dens, or a stool-pigeon for some sort of confidence games; or a "shover" for counterfeits. When he is smart enough he develops into a burglar or pickpocket. Sometimes he is too much of a loafer to accept of a regular situation, even from the devil, and in that case he coquets with his satanic majesty and becomes a Ward politician, sits on juries, attends free lunches, openings, political gatherings, street preaching, fires, and works out his destiny in a harmless kind of way—like the flies. Probably the world would not be quite complete without all the different species of the loafer. They fill a place in society corresponding to that occupied by the weeds in the vegetable line.

Don't be a loafer—not even for one day. If you are waiting for work or have leisure from any cause, study some useful thing to fill up the time—read some new book—investigate some subject—visit public institutions—cultivate a good acquaintance—straighten up your accounts—write some letters—pack your trunk—invest something—scent out a trade, but don't loaf—don't hang round men's places, idle yourself and the cause of idleness in others.—Sunday Globe.

Pinelback, the mulatto recently installed in Senator Jewell's place, in the Louisiana Legislature, on Friday, rising to a question of privilege in reply to certain newspaper paragraphs concerning him, after charging the people of that city with murdering, and manifesting a growing disposition to murder men for political opinion, and the color of their skin, uttered the following: "I want them to beware; I want to tell them they have nearly reached the end of their string. The next outrage of the kind which they commit will be the signal for the dawn of retribution of which they have not dreamed—a signal that will cause ten thousand torches to be applied to this city; for patience will then have ceased to be a virtue, and this city will be reduced to ashes." He was then called to order, but proceeded with his speech, and reiterated his threats, adding a notification to the Democratic party that they (the negroes) propose to take the matter into their own hands in the future, and propose to have peace if they have to conquer a peace.

If you want to help a paper always pay your subscription in advance. Send the editor at least one subscription besides your own, and often it may happen that you can pick up half a dozen. Such things make his heart light; they make him work with new grit; in short, they make him happy.

An enormous frog, weighing 12 pounds

TABLE 1

IMPORTANT TO DISTILLERS.—Commissioner Rollins has issued a circular declaring that the maximum amount of whisky which any distiller can make in twenty-four hours is the basis of the capacity of the still, and also the basis upon which the monthly returns are to be estimated.

Letters from Messrs. Hendricks and Voorhees give glowing accounts of the prospects of the Democracy in Indiana.—Mr. Hendricks writes that he entertains no doubt of his election. Mr. Voorhees expresses the belief that we will carry Illinois as well as Indiana.

and consider him well skilled in his profession.
J. H. RICHART,
E. ferences.—Dr. Wills, M. D., Dr. Nancy, M.
Dr. "Figgerstat", M. D., J. M. Nesbitt, Win-
chills, Henry L. Stone, and M. R. Lockhart,
all county Col. Theo. Turner, Min. Byrd,
Dr. Phillips. Dr. Edward Currant, Wm. Dale,
east, country county. [July 20-7.

STUART, TAYLOR & Co.,
PARIS, KY.,
SOLE agents for the sale Blue Lick Wa-
ter. Always on hand a full supply, fresh
from Springs, in barrels, half barrels, and
kegs. [July 2-2m.
Louisville White Lime,
FOR WHITEWASHING.
A. MORIS'

work in the

CARRIAGE & BUCCY LINE

Life is prepared to get up a new buggy in the
test style.

Repairing

of all kinds, including Buggies, Furniture, &c.
one on the shortest notice, and in good style.
He hopes by strict attention to business to
merit a share of the public patronage.

July 23-3m. W. T. GEERS.

